



My Hunt for a Husband

A New York Hetress's Butterfly Quest for "the Right Man."

By W. V. Pollock.

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). NO. 2.—THE FASCINATING FOREIGNER.

ACH new pligrimage into the region of romance has been so fascinating that as I look back how can I regret the experiences I have bad, even if I am called a fickle, frivolous flirt? Mamma and I took passage for Naples, a sail of fourteen days. Buch day as we neared the Mediterranean the sky and ocean became

more blue and exquisite, and I was glad for a respite from the artificial New "At Gibraltar we had an interesting day visiting the fort, driving am

moffey of foreigners in the crowded, crooked, vari-colored streets and being At Maples we rested for three days in the fascinating Hotel Vesuve, which

Names on a hillside overlooking Mount Vesuvius and the exquisite bay. From Names we went on to Rome, Florence, Venice and Milan, and crossed the Alps to Montone, situated on a beautiful lake nestling in the mountains. The hotel at Mentone is patronised only by the most aristocratic people of Continent and few Americans. Mother met an English acquaintance, a

Lady I.—, who begred us to join her little olique.

In their party was Frederick von T.—, a young German, the son of a wealthy Berlin banker.
There were two or three English and German girls, but they had no fascine n for Fritz, who had a strong liking for American girls. He liked the way

they dressed and walked and talked.

If ever, here surely was. "the time, the place and the girl."

What times he planned for us! There were moonlight launch parties on the lake, with music and singers just like those we had heard at Venice, that city

Prits had been in New York on several visits to study banking, and had en Oxford for his college, so that he spoke English perfectly. He quoted most beautiful bits of Robert Browning. We queen was ever treated with more thoughtfulness than I by Frits. Every

ent, avery act was arranged to add to my pleasure. puble or ademant, how could I resist such devotion?

Lady I- knew the Von T-s in Berlin and gave glowing accounts of their My people of culture, social position and wealth.

A marriage with him would be considered quite a brilliant achievement. As

for me. I admired his savoir fairs, his charm, his masterfulness and, most of all, his love of work. He held a responsible position in his father's banking house.

The only thing that worried me was that papa disapproved of marriages with He called them money-making achemes, with the profit all of one They never took a chance on any finer sentiment.

One day when our party were picnicking in the woods Fritz and I ventured a place close by where the falls rushed over the rocks and the tall trees armed in the quiet nook. We seemed alone in all the world. He told me he ored me and asked me to marry him. He knew well enough I cared and longed "Yes" and put my trust in him forever; But something deep down in the consciousness made me say: "Walt until you have met papa before

big lover seemed so well satisfied to wait that my vanity was hardly

deswered the summons to return to Berlin, and in the middle of April mother than I went to Paris to renew our wardrobes for the gay month to London. We engaged an apartment at the Ritz-Carlton, but the weeks the Carlton of Carlton

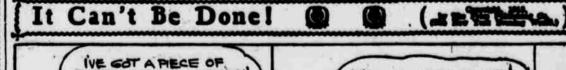
At last, toward the end of May, pape arrived, and I wired to Frits to join to Paris with all speed, which he did in that glorious month of June when perything seems perfect for two young lovers. Everything was propitious and for engagement was practically agreed upon. Even papa overcame his antagon-form to foreign marriages and said this one was an exception to the rule. It was

real love match.
One day Frits asked papa for an interview. Somehow I surmised trouble hat could he have to tell him? My suspense was of short duration. Father mew that my American blood demanded a voice in matters which closely con-

tog gift, but wanted an additional sum given to him in his own name. I was tied up with a fortune hunter! Oh, miserable disillusion! He assured us he was no fortune hunter, but he valued himself at a certain

num and by accepting iess his family would consider that he was undervaluing simpelf, especially as my father could wall afford to give him a royal portion.















Some of the Good Stories of the Day.

PAUL HELLEU, the etcher of beautiful women, complained in New York of a certain hard quality in even the fairest

"Some of the most perfect faces I have seen,"

Why He Wasn't Playing. have seen,"
rdness in a seed, of the process of the seen of the seen

"What's the matter, young man?" he kindly asked, addressing the youngster, "Why don't you play with the other children?"

gentieman.
"I'm just waitin'," was the startling response of
the boy. "A feller painted that besch about
fifteen minutes ago, an' I want to see you get
up."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Fine for Mamma. ITTLE Sarsh was watching her mother, we

"Ob, mamma, wouldn't it be fin married a Chinese laundryman!"—

DOMESTIC DIALOGUES

By Alma Woodward.

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Brening World).

Copyright, 1912, by The Free Published Co. (The Mee Yest Sweets Woods).

The Patenties.

Time: T.O. P. M. Place: The Blabs Fist.

Mr. B. (accenting trouble)—Now don't tell me until I get cooled off a little bit. I can see it len't pleasant and I don't want to be riled now.

Mr. B. (rebelliously)—Well, I'm sure you're not the only one who feels cranky. That's the way with you men. You think just because you have to ride in the subway at the end of the day that it gives you license to be irritable and complaining. You say we women "just stay home" and don't have anything to annoy us. Well, I'll just tell you that if I had anything more to annoy Mis I'd go crasy, that's all.

Mr. B. (patiently)—Well, after this little love greating you can tell me the worst. What's the particular thorn?

Mrs. B. (in a torrant of words)—Well, this afternoon I put Leffingwell Jr. to bed for his map and I noticed that the poor child was swfully restless and I thought he was slokening for something so I called up the doctor and I told him to come over and see what he was slokening for and when the doctor got here he found that it was nothing but mosquitoes. Mind you, McMcQUTCOZD—In the city! Why, the only three consolations of staying in the city all summer are that you can go around in a wrapper if you feel like it, have your own betitub and keep thinking of all the people who are away at the summer resorts being eaten alive by the meaquitoes. And here we go and have them right in the city. Why, I think it's awfull!

Mr. B. (breathless from following)—60 do I. What do you want me to do that the was it out. Get, it's a weader and relieved of the tension of the first of the control of the them were to the watter and relieved of the tension of the properties of the tension of the first of the control of the tension of the properties of the te

awful!

Mr. B. (breathless from following)—so do I. What do you want me to do about it? Write to the authorities?

Mrs. B. (stonliy)—H'm! You're not too fatigued to be sarcastic, I notice. It's not a joke. You wouldn't think it was if you could see Leffingwell jr.'s head.

It's all become They release the allies.

Off. B. (laughless magnetative.) It's all bumps. They polson the child. want you to put up a screen.
Mr. B.-All the hardware stores are

losed. I can't get one to-night.

Mrs. B.-No, but I just sent Delia get some mosquito netting, it'il do for to-night. You can fix it up to the window, because I was never handy with

the hammer.
Mr. B. (desolately)—Well, I never was handy wih a hammer in my life. But suppose all you gotta do is to hit a nail with it.

(Sour Delia with the setting.)
Mrs. B.—Put it up now, before you wash up. Leffingwell, because you'll only get all perspiry again doing it.

ofr. B. (laughing cornfelly)—Why, no! Nail 'em, of course and then deco-dre. B. (interrupting)—Teh! Wall 'em and then close the window, ch? It cour! Mr. B. (sullenly)-Well. I

had it perfected, didn't I?

HATTON-PAROUS NEW TORE MY A remarkship codes by All
Heavy Sovie, authlied "See See
Francis Hov Took Hyston,"
begin in nest Wellseshop's Hou
World, June M. This codes i
great passeure feelure that you a
afford to maps.

The Man With a Billion Manual A Great Summer Story

West York &

suppose I know it?

John A. Moroso AND THE PROPERTY OF THE

The state of the s